

VT: Chimaera vs. Enterprise

by WanderingManiac

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VT: Chimaera vs. Enterprise

> <meta name="Generator"> In the not to distant future

In the not to distant future

In fact it's at the present date

Armandle and his vampire pals

Are caught in an endless chase.

Persued by three crazy teenage girls

All of whom want to rule a world.

They tossed a few things in their purse

And in their blood mobile they'll hunt the vampires

All across the universe

They send them cheesy fanfics.

The worst the can find

They'll have to sit and watch them all

And they'll monitor their minds!

Now keep in mind Armand can't control

Where this junk begins and ends

Because he used those special parts

To bring up his vampire friends!

VAMPIRE ROLL CALL:

Cambot! (You're on!)

Lestat! (I'm so perfect!)

Louis! (Don't make me do it! I can not!)

Armaaaaaand! (\*blink\*)

If you're wondering how they drink and breath

And other science facts

Please keep in mind, "It's just a rip I really should relax!"

For Vampire Theater, 2000!

(Twang)

SOD

Louis and Armand are cuddled together on the couch, watching

"A Sixth Sense"

Kid: I see dead people.

Louis: \*clinging to Lestat's arm\* Armand.

Armand: Yes, Louis?

Louis: I see dead vampires.

Alarms go off, and Lestat races in

Lestat: Help! The noise is driving me crazy!

Armand reaches over a pushes a big purple button that says "Do not push."

Louis: Look! It's Larry, Curly and Moe!

Deep 4

Sharon: \*imitating Lestat\* Oh, shut up, Louis!

Amanda: Hello, boys! Are you ready for your next experiment?

SOD

Lestat: No, not really!

Deep 4

Ann: You're not getting a choice! Behold the power of the extremely

terrible, pathetically stupid crossover "Enterprise D vs. Imperial

Star Destroyer!

Sirens go off

All: We've got cheesy fanfic sign! Run!

6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

Sit LEFT to RIGHT: Armand, Louis, Lestat

## "Enterpris D versus Imperial Star Destroyer"

by louis@h4h.com (Wayne Poe)

Lestat: AAAAAAAAAAAGH! Teletubbie!

# CHAPTER 1

Armand: Ooooooh.... shiny...

Captain's Log;

Lestat: or fallen tree.

Stardate....unknown. Our mission has been interrupted by the omnipotent being known as Q.

Louis: Everytime we start talking he-

Lestat: (Q) Shut up.

Louis: Starts ta-

Lestat: (Q) Shut up.

Louis: Ahem. Talking.

He has deposited the Enterprise in a time and place in which my ship and crew are "needed", according to him.

"Ship's status, Number One?"

Armand: Y'know, I have to wonder why he isn't number  
2,560,000,000,

[illegible]

Picard helped Counselor Troi back into her seat, as the rest of the

bridge crew picked themselves up off the deck.

Riker consulted his screens,

Louis: (Riker) Well, Mr. Screen, what do you think?

reading as he reported to the Captain. "No structural damage detected so far. Sickbay reports minor injuries,

Armand: It's sickbay. That's where injured people are supposed to be, you

stupid fanfic.

but nothing major, sir." Riker looked over to the Captain, who had returned

to his center seat. "So, is this another test?" Riker said, anger in his

voice.

"We shall soon see, I expect. Screen on, Mr Data."

Lestat: (Data, running on windows 98) Error 505.

"Aye, Captain." the android replied. Data activated the forward screen, then joined the rest of the bridge crew in staring at the stars beyond.

Lestat: Ooooh... shiny.

None of the stars were familiar to any of them.

"Data...are we still in the Milky Way?" Riker asked.

Data entered a few queries into his board. "No sir.

Starcharts indicated we are in a galaxy not previously

mapped."

Louis: If it hasn't been previously mapped, how do they have the star charts

to it?

"Not the Andromeda?" Picard said, rising from his seat.

"No sir. No galaxy that is currently known to us."

Picard stared at the alien stars. "Begin mapping. I want to know where in the universe we are." Suddenly, Data's board

Lestat: Crashed.

came alive with activity. "Sir! Something entering this

quadrant. Seems to be a transport of some kind.  
Composition

is...unknown." Data seemed to frown at this last bit of

Armand: Cheese?

information. He turned to the Captain "However, it seems to  
be in distress,

Lestat: (Picard) Distress, distress... what difference does it  
make?

badly damaged and beginning to break apart."

All: CRAAAAA-AAAAAAAAACK!

Picard looked up at the viewscreen. The small craft  
quickly appeared.

Louis: Woohoo! Voom!

It slowed to a stop and drifted, as  
electrical discharges danced about its hull.

Armand: La la la la laaaa!

Picard could

Louis: Count to to 4!

Lestat: I.. I made a 4!

see the evidence of extensive damage. Scored and gouged, the  
hull began to buckle.

"Life readings?" Picard asked Data urgently.

"Yes sir, one humanoid."

"Transporter room, lock on to that pilot and beam it  
aboard!" Picard commanded.

Armand: (Transporter room) Aye, sir! Will a two by four do?

Riker stood. "Sir," he began.

"We will deal with Prime Directive concerns as soon as  
we save that pilot." Picard snapped. On the viewscreen, the  
craft consumed itself in a firey explosion.

All: Ooooooh! Shiny!

"Picard to Transporter room. Did you retrieve the pilot?"

Lestat: (transporter room) Doh! I knew I forgot to do something!

"Yes sir!" Came the reply.

"Captain!," Worf began, "Incoming ship on the sensors!"

Louis: (Worf) I can't seem to stop ending all my sentences with exclamation points! Help!

"Confirmed sir!" Data said, "Massive power curve. Ship is approximately...1600 meters!!"

Lestat: Yep, it's a big shiny thing.

Louis + Armand: Ooooooh! Purty!

The crew watched as a massive, wedge-shaped object

Armand: It's an oversized piece of Rincewind!

Louis: Isn't that a cheese?

Lestat: No, it's not a cheese!

Louis: Are you sure? Mature Rincewind just kinda rolls off the tongue.

came into their vicinity, and slowed to a stop only a few thousand clicks away.

All: Klick, klick, klick, klick...

"Sensors show that the ship is powered by some type of fusion reactor." LaForge offered.

Lestat: ...himself.

Louis: LESTAT!

"Fusion reactor?" Riker said, "Something that obsolete powers THAT monstrosity?"

Armand: You are correct, sir!

Picard stared at the behemoth on the screen. "Sickbay, what is the status of that pilot?" he asked.

Lestat: (sickbay) He's... he's... he's a pilot, Captain!

Doctor Beverly Crusher's voice came over the intercom.

"Minor smoke inhalation, Captain.

Louis: They have marijuana in this universe too!

The pilot is human, for all intents and purposes, and he's conscious."

"Have him brought to the bridge immediately."  
Picard

commanded.

Lestat: Well, that's usually what you do when you're in charge of a ship!

Armand: Fic's over let's get out of here!

1,2,3,4,5,6

End  
file.